Martin Robertson

Stones

One hurt by one he loves hurts those that love him, spreading (circles from stone dropped in water) pain; and worse (last worst twist and waste) transmutation of love to cruelty.

I see

the final bomb fall wide in open ocean
—harmless? Look—circles of desert spread:
seas and rivers, all water, sap, blood,
all springs of earth and life dried soon,
leaving a dusty cavernous lump gaping
at the sun, at the dead moon, dead as the moon.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/